



# Frost



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## Chapter 1 by Andrew

I sit on the porch of our house. The snow fluttering to the ground gracefully like a ballerina, the icicles hanging down like sharp teeth waiting to attack at any moment. I look around at the beauty that is now my home. I remember the ash falling from the sky. The white white ash, pure as snow; I look down at my hand suddenly cold with frost. The frost leads somewhere and follow it down my porch right in front of me. I look up, a boy stands there, hair the purest of white, eyes the deepest of blue and mouth the happiest of smiles. He looks at me and I smile at him and for a second I feel that he looks like someone I know. A boy, Blackest of hair, eyes the bloodiest of red, and mouth the meanest of sneers. Yet this boy seems different, he seems happy. Then out from behind me something is put over my face and the boys face turns angry and sour. I hear a shout, then a thump. I hear footsteps and then I am out like a light. My consciousness melting like snow when lit by a hot, hot fire. Like the boy from my previous home. His name was Drake.

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